to the barracks. There an assistant surgeon in an immaculate white uniform ordered them to take me to Ward No. 1, designed for critical cases.

The ward was a large room, full of light, with four beds on each side. Mine was the last to the right of the door. All the others were occupied. Some patients were moaning under their blankets. One in the bed in front of mine called to me gently, "The new one! Take it easy. They will mend you."

Later the chief doctor arrived, an old man with snow-white hair and beard. He examined me very carefully and asked softly how and when the sickness had begun. Then he lifted my glasses, raised an eyelid, examined the pupil, and put the glasses back. He bent over me and looked at me with understanding and gentle eyes. Then he said to the nurse, "Write 'Typhus, undetermined.' "

Turning again to me he said, "Good luck to you!"

Duvin's medicine had not fooled the old doctor, but he did not betray me.

The nurse brought me a soft-boiled egg and a glass of milk, a very small glass. I was hungry and wondered why they used such small glasses in the barracks. When she came to take the glass and plate away I said, pointing at the next bed, "This one also asked for an egg."

The nurse was incredulous. "How could he? He is unconscious!"

"He seemed to be conscious when he said, 'Give me an egg for Christ's sake.' "

The nurse brought another soft-boiled egg and put it on the table between our beds. When she left, I ate the egg. The following day I repeated this trick. "Adjusting" the thermometer, I made my temperature chart show 104° in the morning, 106° in the afternoon. The patients in the ward of critical cases were not supposed to eat much, but I had to keep up my strength. Another patient said to me, "Hungry? Take my ration."

"And you?"

"I am quitting." For two days he asked the nurse for more food and let me have it. Then he died in the night.

Each night somebody in the ward died. In the morning the assistant surgeon examined the beds and marked with chalk those from which the patients were to be removed. Then two orderlies appeared with a long pole and three towels. They stretched the towels on the floor in the middle of the room, two feet apart from one another, put the corpse on the towels and the pole on the corpse. Then they tied the towels in knots over the pole, raised it to their shoulders, and carried the bundle away.

It became more and more difficult to pretend to be ill. I waited